

# *Sketch*

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## Perhaps

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The lunch line was opening when she returned to her room. She deposited her books and coat and went down to eat with some girls she hardly knew. During the meal she digested only bits torn from their conversation.

After lunch she washed her hair, set it and secured the pink plastic cloud of the hair dryer about her head. The mechanism when switched on "high" obliterated all other noise; she read her lit assignment.

(The moment, Gabriel Marcel, concentrate on the moment, on the now. Yes, Gabriel, yes to your neat darkly-bound volumes cmily-posting philosophical niceties.)

She clicked off the dryer's somniferous breath, removed the headpiece and shook the rollers out of her hair. She brushed her hair behind her ears, tying it back with a flaccid length of tarnished cord.

She waited until 1:30—two cigarettes, four songs and a newscast—for no one in particular, then took a nap.

She dreamt of the train again.

# Perhaps

*by Morgan Hewitt*

*Elementary Education, Jr.*

The fruit was mellow,  
The sky uncovered.  
Dust of music  
Settled in the sunshine  
And the rye straw  
Had grown yellow.  
It was there  
That my adamant never  
Turned to quiet perhaps  
And I sang with the grasses.